

## Sunrays

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# **Sunrays**

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## Summary

Sometimes, it takes one act of kindness and caring to change a person's life.

Or in which Wei Ying's presence to the Wen cause quite an impact to the dynamics. Inside the sects and outside it. Direct and Indirect.

Sequel to Rising Sun

# Chapter 1

"Alright. Twenty disciples are ready? Sword, medicine, money... you all will be wearing the new uniform, won't you? Qishan is warm, but Yunmeng is hella hot. Sometimes it gets unbearable even for locals. Will you all be alright?"

"W-we will." Wen Ning replied. More exasperated than anything else.

"Are you sure? Make sure you all has water bottles on your person all the times. Preferably those who can actually hold more than what it sizes suggested. Dehydration is a risk and not a fun one. If you feel faint or dizzy slow down or stop whatever you do and get into shades. DON'T suddenly jump into the lake. While it sounds nice, it actually was health hazard. Your body will go into a shock. Some lakes are shallow while some are very deep. Don't make a gamble. Just go into the shades. Also be careful of the swamps. And insects. Especially Mosquito."

"Yes mom." Groused Wen Chao.

"I'm not your mom and I have on good authority that your father isn't into pedophilia." Wei Ying replied without missing a beat. "I would warn you about the spices but I know Qishan cuisine use lot of it. If you see kites, don't approach that arena. The disciples there use kite as shooting practices. Accidents can happen. Oh right, if some Yunmeng disciples told you something, especially something weird or followed with word 'Yunmeng Custom', take it with grain of salts and double check to verify the truth. Don't take it at face value. The disciples there like to play pranks and practical jokes."

"Alright, I think that was enough." Wen Lin interjects even if his eyes twinkled in amusement. Behind him Wen Xu is clearly holding back snickers. "We should depart now, otherwise we might be late. A-Qing, A-Zhu, until we were back, I'll leave Qishan in your hands. You have clearance to access all files include confidential ones so long you take responsibility of it." The two salutes. Wen Lin then directed his gaze to Wei Ying. "Try to not blow anything when I'm not here."

"Actually, I'm planning on solo night hunt elsewhere." Wei Ying admitted.

This was his chance to walk his legs. While his... peers... were busy with Discussion Conference, he can freely move without afraid crossing path with them. Or God forbid, a certain madam from Yunmeng Jiang and her shadows.

Not being ungrateful but... he is not a masochist.

Nor he likes being whipped.

There is a reason that while he acts close to the Wen siblings, he was not part of the clan. He is not politic dumb. Wen Lin make sure of that.

"Then we will take our leave."

The Wen Group boarded the ship that will carry them to Yunmeng. There's no need of wasting their energy riding a sword. Those energy better left for something more useful, such as preparing for Contest or in case they encounter something nasty.

"Don't forget the Earplug!" Wei Ying yelled after them. "You might need it!"

That earned him some strange looks.

"Why would we need it?"

Wen Chao regrets not listening to Wei Wuxian about earplug thing.

Regret it oh so *much*.

Yunmeng is indeed nosy, but nothing is noisier than this fucking brat of heir and his harpy mother!

"There's no way you Wen could place Third! You must be cheating, aren't you?! Stealing others prey and all that!"

If this was not beneath him, or if this was private moments, Wen Chao would have facepalmed. Throughout the banquet, Jiang Wanyin give them stink eyes as if they're scummiest scum. Especially at Wen Ning. Just because Wen Ning ranked third after the Lans, the whiny brat mouthing off without a pause.

And We Chao thought *he* was the brattiest sect heir.

No wonder Wei Wuxian was nonplussed at his antics. He used to deal with something worse.

"Someone like you should not be here at all!"

...

Argh! He can't take it anymore!

"Would you cut it off? Someone is trying to eat here." Commented Wen Chao. "Tonight is supposed to be joyful and yet you were here ruin the mood. What a *gracious* host."

"You dare--!"

"Of course I dare!" Wen Chao cut him off. "What? Last I recall, in the previous conference, Qishan Wen isn't even in the Top Ten," his fault and A-Die gave him a scolding of lifetime for letting his bias coloring his judgement, "yet did you hear me complaining? No. I didn't."

Nor are other disciples. Yet why did you, who at least got fifth, making ruckus as if the end of the world is around the corner?"

The sour grape turned purple like his robe.

"Then why he failed to make a proper shoot last year?!"

"Stage fright is a thing." Deadpanned Wen Chao. "One year is enough time for someone to overcome it."

"You damn Wen!"

"Oh, for goodness' sake, what now? Can a man eat his dinner in peace?" Wen Chao gave to impulses and give Jiang Wanyin a glare. "Is this how Yunmeng Jiang treat its host? By making them uncomfortable and unable to enjoy their stay just because they offend the host through fictional, baseless slight? What a *peak hospitality*. Truly *a wonderful example* of what a good host should be."

That do the trick and shut the whiny brat for good. Fuming in impotent anger.

He saw Wen Ning give him a grateful look... and Xu-ge secretly flash a thumb up.

Wen Chao smiled back in self-satisfaction.

Jiang Wanyin's voice was grating on his nerves that shutting him up feel so accomplishing. Bring earplugs, indeed. Next time Wen Sect goes into same meeting as the Jiang, Wen Chao will make sure he has earplugs and a spare!

Whiny brat who complains about everything in self-absorbed nature. Pah. And he is not even being creative or witty with his insults! Wen this, Wen that... get a dictionary dammit! There's only so much times one can repeat insults before it become stale and lose its intended effect!

"Your son," he began, "need to learn some tact."

Wen Ruohan want to go home. He did not want to deal with hypocrites and double-crosser more than he have to. Especially when it clear that he was unwelcomed here.

That doesn't mean he will let the slight goes unnoticed.

He takes some dark satisfaction with how Jiang Fengmian pales at the admonishment.

"T-this one apologizes, Wen-zongzhu." He began with apology. As always, he apologizes first. So annoying. Is he try to use emotional manipulation to stack favour on his side or was

he just being pathetic? "Please, A-Cheng doesn't mean what he said. He is still young and still not knowing much. Please, do not take his words to the heart."

Wen Ruohan regards him with a flat expression.

"Then educate him." He spoke. "A sect heir must be educated to know what is acceptable in formal setting like this and what is not."

Jiang Fengmian turned paler, while his harpy if a wife turned red like boiled crab.

"You don't have right to comment in how my son is being raised."

"**Jiang-Furen**,"

"**Yu-furen**."

Tch.

"**Jiang-Furen**, you are married to Jiang-zongzhu's family and thus you are to be addressed as Jiang Furen." This woman truly did not know her station. "And I'd like to remind you that I am just giving advice. As fellow parent of a future Sect Leader."

"I don't need advice, especially from the likes of you. My son's education is perfect."

"What a bold exclamation." Wen Ruohan would applaud if he didn't feel so insulted. Years he had been living in this second chance while refraining from... **taking a drastic action**, and trust the Violet Spider to break his non-aggressive no-bloody-thought streak. "You boldly claim your son's education was perfect, yet from what I observe, that is not the case. If he truly was educated well, then why, is his manner lacking? I am not asking much here, but isn't hospitality towards guest is common sense and basic of basics? Unless, of course, I was wrong and the rules had changed without I noticed it."

Her face turned purple. Ugly purple at that.

"It's that brat's fault."

"That brat?"

"Wei Wuxian. That insolent, ungrateful servant's son."

She didn't... she didn't actually...

She did. She fucking did.

Alright Bitch. Now, this is **personal**.

"So, you are telling us that your son is weak minded that he is so easily influenced by others to the point his entire personality is caused by peers?" He asks with a sneer. "What a wonderful explanation. I wonder how it came to be? Was Jiang-gongzi has such weak personality that it easily suppressed and overwritten by peers' pressure?"

He watched with wonders of how could human's face change colour so fast.

"My son isn't some spineless weaklings! That son of servant has no hold or sway over my son!"

And, here come the shouting. How predictable.

"He's imprinting, then. I wonder why is that? Why didn't he imprint after either of you? Also, aren't you being contradicting, Madam Jiang? You blame Wei Wuxian for your son's bad behaviour, yet here you also claim he has no influence over him. Which one is true? Not to mention your whole argument basically contradicting what your husband had been saying. This is getting confusing." This bitch is brain damaged to the point she can't make up her mind. "I believe Lan has phrase for this. What was it again? Oh right, do not be of two minds. If the Sect as a whole is body with its leader and madam as the head... well, one can say the Jiang is of two minds."

"Do not use the rule in unrelated situation." Lan Qiren frowned.

"What's the harm?" Jin Guangshan snigger. "Not like Wen-zongzhu is wrong. With Jiang-zongzhu said one thing and the madam said another thing, isn't it bound to cause confusion? There is a reason why women have no place in politics."

"Jin-zongzhu, I'd like to inform you that your misogynist remark is completely uncalled for and unappreciated."

He ignored how that glorified pig spluttered. Never likes Jin Guangshan's womanizer act and how he views women as lesser being just because.

That Nie mule give him weird look, which Wen Ruohan replied by his own questioning stare. What? Does he think Wen Ruohan won't notice it? In his dreams.

"You speak as if your sons are any better."

"I admit I have been remiss in that department, as I have been more of Sect Leader than Father to them." Even Wei Ying had, at one point, summed up how sad it was. Almost pathetic even. "Though I have taken steps to fix that. Though even without my guidance, my sons grow up decently. They do behave, aren't they?"

Without guidance doesn't mean without influence. Wen Ruohan make sure to steer them away from sycophants and other terrible influences. Especially that whore Wang Lingjiao, who has uncanny ability to draw the worst out of Chao'er.

"The question is, could Jiang-zongzhu do the same with Jiang-gongzi?"

Does Wen Xu feel bad for stalking Wei Wuxian all the way to Yiling? Maybe. Does he regret it? No. Seeing Wei Wuxian twitched in paranoia and jumped a foot into the air when Wen Xu unceremoniously jumped before him is funny.

He just hopes he didn't shoot himself on the feet.

"Ah, Wen-gongzi. Uh, is there anything I can help you with?"

"Yes." Wen Xu nodded. "Help me find a gift for A-Die."

It still feels amazing to be able to say that word. A-Die. While Wen Xu know A-Die had been warming up and not as strict as he used to be, it was only after that Discussion Conference in Yunmeng that he dares to use A-Die instead of Fuqin.

It was wonderful and Wen Xu loves every moment of it. Which is why he invest so much thought on this.

"What?"

"New Year's gift. Help me find the perfect one for A-Die."

Communication and Bonds are two-way street. Both parties have to made effort to make it works. With A-Die extends the Olive Branch, it's only fair for Wen Xu to reciprocates it, and he want to make it memorable. In good way.

Thus, he needs help.

"Uh, no offense but, why me?"

"You know A-Die the best." Was Wen Xu's answer. "You know A-Die more than his station. You're A-Die's best and only friend. You're the only one who calls A-Die by his name."

"I... pretty sure Wen Lin is trying to make Wen Zhiliu calls him by that as well?"

"Doesn't stick, doesn't count." It was both amusing and sad in equal measure. "Thing is, you know A-Die not as mere figure from afar, but as an actual person. With his likes and dislikes and all that whole package. A-Die tell you what he likes, isn't he?"

"Uh, no? I just, observe what he put in The House."

All the more reason. Observation takes *time* and effort. If it validated, even better.

"I beg you. Please. Help me."

"Okay okay okay! I'll help you! I'll help you! But please stop bowing! It's weird!"

...there's something wrong with Wei Wuxian. Normally people would feel elated if Wen Xu bowed and begs to them.

No matter. That was for another time.

“Where do we start?”

“Let’s see... New Year’s gift, is it? Money is a big no-no here.” Yeah, that would be comical... in horrifying way! It’s the older one who give the younger one with money, not the other way around! Also, A-Die is not hurting for finance! “Wen Lin is not too fond of sweets, so that’s out. He can eat sweets, I mean, but not in large quantity and not overly sweet ones.” Aha! “Etto... alcohol is a good choice... except it must be a really nice. Gusu’s Emperor’s Smile kind of nice. Or something exotic but not to the point of Poisonous.” Alcohol Poisoning is a thing, yes. “Clothes? I don’t think so.” A-Die has enough clothes as it was. Maybe more than enough. “I guess herbs is good. Or books. Yeah. Books. Something exotic and intriguing and he never read before, preferably.”

“So, look at what kind of works A-Die likes, but try to find something that is similar but from different author?” And must be high quality writing. Wen Xu won’t accept anything less. “Would you like to show me an example?”

“Oh sure! Coincidentally old Man Lu just got new batches of books in his store. Follow me.”

Wen Xu has ghost of a smile.

Wei Wuxian is indeed the best choice here.

# Chapter 2

## Chapter Notes

This fic is rushed to completion for HAPPY NEW YEAR 2022! LET'S HOPE THIS NEW YEAR EVERYTHING WILL BE BETTER THAN YESTERYEAR!

“You, sir, is a very lucky menace.” Growled Wen Qing. “Had it been not for the quick flyers, your situations would’ve been worse.”

“I’m sorry.”

No, he was not.

“I’m telling Shushu.”

Now, Wei Wuxian’s eyes blown wide. “Wait, no! Don’t!” he pleaded, grabbing her sleeve. “I’ll be good! I’ll take care of myself better! But please don’t tell him!”

“Tell me what?”

Wen Qing turned to the door to see her uncle entered the infirmary, looking confused and concerned... if you read the emotions in his eyes correctly, which she does.

It’s getting easier nowadays, after all.

Clearing her throat, she jabbed her finger at her most frustrating patient to the date and answer, “This idiot get himself Corpse Poisoning.” Ignoring the betrayed look, she continues, “It happens on the last night hunt where he and five disciples were chasing down a murderer into a dead town, where they encounter unsolved case that presumably happens about five or seven years ago, which now includes all inhabitants of the town turned into Fierce Corpse. As they trying to get away, this idiot pushed others from a colored smoke that he claims give sweet yet rotten taste and later cause his body to heated up slowly stop functioning as his vein began to blackened. Signs of Corpse Poisoning. The only reason he was brought here fast enough for the treatment was because of Gu-shidi being a fast flyer.”

Looking back at it, Wen Qing promised to herself to cut back her complains about Sword Racing. Fast flyer become real useful skill.

As predicted, Shushu narrowed his eyes. “Wei Ying.” The brat flinched. Not that Wen Qing can blame him. One can practically feel disappointment from the tone alone, “how many times I have to tell you, this is not the Jiang Sect. As much as I’m thankful you show great care to my disciples, it was not your responsibility to protect them from anything and everything. Especially when it comes at cost of yourself.”

Wei Wuxian has this kicked puppy aura around him.

Best not tell him that. He has this debilitating phobia towards dogs.

“I’m sorry.”

Shushu sighed. Pinching his nose. “I hope you mean it and not just placating me. If you can’t take care of yourself for your own sake, at least do it for others’. Do you have *any* idea what kind of scares you give to others when you do that stunt?”

“Un?”

Shushu locked eyes with her and Wen Qing know what he has on mind. The unspoken question. After considering the pros and cons for a while, she nodded. Permission given.

Satisfied, Shushu clapped his hands once and saying, “you all may enter.”

On cue there’s stream of worried disciples coming in, each with varying expression of distress, and crowding around Wei Wuxian. An increasingly panicking Wei Wuxian. Wen Wing and Shushu take steps back to make space.

“We’ll be in the office. Have fun calming them down.”

“W-wha...?!”

Wen Qing threw him one last look before closing the door behind her.

It was a recent development. One she never thought she would have chance to witness.

She never saw that many concern at other’s behalf. Not to that number. Not to that level of distress, because she was sure some of those disciples were just crying in the hallway before hurriedly wiped away their tears. The puffy red eyes were enough indication.

It was something that goes beyond gratitude of being saved. It was something beyond camaraderie that recently formed and bloomed around the Wen Sect. Beyond anger born out of concern when one of them was hurt.

If Wen Qing have to put it into words... she would pick Loyalty. Devotion. Maybe Solidarity. Fondness. A deep, platonic love.

A Wen didn’t give their loyalty easily, but once given, it was for life. While not always in agreement, they will honor and support the decision wholeheartedly.

Phrase “Fanatic Wen” exist for a reason.

And to think someone who haven’t been here for a year, someone who is not exactly member of the Sect, gain said loyalty not from one or two but many.

No. Gaining was the wrong word. Earning it. That would be more accurate.

“Wei Wuxian is really something.”

She didn’t realize she said it out loud until she saw Shushu smiled in understanding.

“That can’t be any truer.”

Ah, Wen Qing feel stupid to ever worried of what her words might implicated. Of course, her uncle would agree. He was the one who brought Wei Wuxian to the Wen Sect as guest disciple for indefinite time, and the one who clears that whatever accusation the Jiang said about him, it’s all lies made out of jealousy and spite.

(The Madam of the Jiang Sect being the one who spearheading the rumor. Considering what she heard about that woman... yeah. Take whatever rumor they came up with grain of salts. Bias and all that stuff.)

If her uncle who is notoriously distant from others openly show favoritism towards one Wei Wuxian, it was clear that he is something else.

In a good way.

Now, if he would adhere to standards of safety and stop being self-sacrificing, Wen Qing would be happy. Don’t crawl into people’s heart only to throw your own life recklessly! She hates it when Wei Wuxian’s self-sacrificing antics act up! Does that brat have *any* idea that the reason Wen Qing haven’t got white hair yet is because of her being a cultivator?!

It was late into the night when Wen Zhiliu saw him.

Wei Wuxian was using the training area. Training his sword stances. His movement was a quick series of jabbing and thrusting and blocking unseen enemy, moving smoothly through a phase before shifting into another, with solid footwork act as foundation. Twisting his body whenever he deems it as necessary.

The sweat that drenched his clothes was an indication of how long he has been like that.

The young man stopped when he saw Wen Zhiliu approach him.

“Ah, Zhiliu-Xiansheng.” Wei Wuxian gave a salute. “Good evening!”

“Evening.” Wen Zhiliu replied. “It’s late. Why aren’t you resting?”

“Ah,” Wei Wuxian looks sheepish. “I... have habit of sleeping at Chou Hour and wake up at Si Hour.”

“...you are not in the night hunt.”

“Well, what can you say, habit is hard to break.”

Wen Zhiliu have to agree with that one.

“Then I shall keep you company.”

“Eh, but... won’t it be a bother.”

Not really. “You are not the only one with sleeping problem.” Insomnia is truly bothersome. Almost two decades of it and Wen Zhiliu still found himself troubled by his inability to sleep like normal person. There’s only so much medicine can help him by.

“I see...” Wei Wuxian nodded, though still look apprehensive. That make Wen Zhiliu narrowed his eyes a little. Why? What is that make Wei Wuxian become bothered with another’s company? Is he planning something?

“So, uhm, how was Wen Lin? I heard he demolish a dozen dummies this afternoon.”

An uncomfortable feeling slither onto Wen Zhiliu’s heart.

“Zongzhu is still feeling... irritable... and had gone to sleep earlier as to not bother others with his... issues.” He answered.

“Ah,” Wei Wuxian smiled wistfully, “that is so Wen Lin. Bottling up inside and only tell others on last minute notice... if he’s feeling like sharing, that is.”

“You two are really close.”

Wen Zhiliu was perfectly able to identify the name of uncomfortable feeling he has.

It’s called *jealousy*.

Years he had been serving Wen Ruohan, becoming his right-hand man. He had seen his master at highest and lowest state and thus knowing him well. Able to read him correctly. Or so he thought.

Yet the arrival of Wei Wuxian, someone who is not even formal member of the sect, quickly shatter any delusion.

For once, Wen Zhiliu saw his master relaxed, joking around and giving teasing banter as good as he got. His anger is playful and if there were hurtful words, it was empty threat that spoken in spur of the moment. Nothing bad would come out of it. What more was that Wei Wuxian call Wen Ruohan “Wen Lin”. A name that Wen Zhiliu later learn as Wen Ruohan’s birth name.

Wen Zhiliu never know what his master’s birth name was until a stranger, an adolescent kid who was rumored to be thrown out from another sect, come along and cheerfully chirping the name like it was common knowledge.

He wonders of what did his master saw in Wei Wuxian. What made this boy different? What made him *special*? What made him earn such special privilege no one else have? Was it his looks for he is the number fourth of current generation's Top Gentleman Cultivator? His brain, for his wits can only be matched by Wen Ruohan himself? His skill, for not only he scored first place in last Discussion Conference but also capable of create a new and very functional training schedule on top of creating arrays and items? His personality, the bright, light-hearted loudmouth who easily make friends and earning loyalties whenever he went?

What is it?

What this boy has that no one else doesn't? That Wen Zhiliu doesn't?

"I can say the same for you."

"Hm?"

"You too, are close to Wen Lin, aren't you?"

No. "I am Zongzhu's right hand man. There's nothing more to be said." Superior inferior. Master and subordinate. Nothing more.

"Really? You must be really important to him."

Wen Zhiliu shook his head. "No. I am merely a stray zongzhu picked out of his kindness and given place within his sect. A subordinate."

"That can't be." That can be. "Zhiliu-xiansheng, Wen Lin doesn't exactly warm up to people. Hell, it took me years just to see his face. You can't be just a subordinate to him. You must be more important than that. Right Hand man position is really important, especially since Wen Sect doesn't have a Sect Madam. It was a position usually reserved to Head Disciple of said Sect Leader's generation. Wen Lin must be trusting you so much; He really is."

Wen Zhiliu can't help but stare at Wei Wuxian.

Even if only half of those were true, how can this boy say such a thing with confidence? With assurance? As if he knows he is right and not merely make assumption based on scarce info he found?

It was... intriguing, to say the least.

Is this how zongzhu felt whenever he talks to Wei Wuxian?

Perhaps he ought to observe Wei Wuxian a little more. Knowing him better.

He has time. More than enough time.

Wei Wuxian won't go anywhere, after all. The Wen Sect is not stupid like the Jiang Sect to let go such interesting and promising character.

Therefore, there's no need for rush.

“L-looking wonderful, Wei-gongzi.” Stammered Wen Ning.

“Really?” Wei-gongzi turning back and forth. His new robe fluttering as he moves.

The robe is similar to the Wen Sect’s robe except with different major color scheme. No. It *is* the dark reprise of Wen Sect uniform, with the black and dark silver instead of white and the red color is brighter. Dusk to Wen Sect’s dawn. And the style is not the one for ordinary disciple, leave alone for guest disciple.

It was the style reserved for high ranked disciple. For noteworthy member of the sect.

Even the hair ribbon that used to tie Wei-gongzi in half updo was made of finest silk and has embroidery on their end. It was not guan, but still fancy.

Shushu claims he didn’t dare to make Wei-gongzi formal member *yet*. Keyword being *yet*. But, Shushu, isn’t this was, like, claiming Wei-gongzi as part of Qishan Wen?! Granted the dark reprise made it harder for others to notice, but if they have keen eye, won’t they realize it? Does Shushu think no one will realize it?!

Hopefully this won’t blow up in their face...

“I had to admit, this is good but... isn’t it being too fancy?!”

Well... considering who this style usually reserved for...

“Consider it... uhm... a gift, Wei-gongzi.” Replied Wen Ning. “One does not turn down gift. It was... impolite.”

“I know but...” Wei Gongzi tucked the sleeves. “I don’t really need this? I mean, this robe is way too good to go for night hunt. It was something one wore when going to fancy event. What use I have for this?”

*When you finally become one of us*, Wen Ning want to say but know better, so he just smiled.

“Uhm, let’s go? Let’s not be late?” He suggested.

“...okay.”

The two went on their way to library. Wei-gongzi did want to read the books so he can make better compilation for training manual.

Except, on their way there, Wen Ning belatedly realizes an error on his part.

Namely, letting Wei-gongzi walk around dressed up like this.

No! It was not Wei-gongzi's fault! Totally not! It just...

A group consist of two female disciples and three male disciples Wen Ning didn't really know had fainted with red face when Wei-gongzi smiled and waved to their direction and promptly carried to medical wing by equally red-faced other disciples. Wen Ning think at least one of them have nosebleed?

...it just that Wei-gongzi is already handsome in his usual get up, being the number fourth of Top Eligible Bachelor in Cultivation World and all. But when he dolled up like this, it was like, he ascends to whole different level of... Pretty-ness? Mn, no. Handsomeness? Gorgeous-ness?

Dictionary, dictionary. Wen Ning need dictionary.

"Are you alright, Wen Ning? You've been frowning." Wei-gongzi ask in concern.

"A-ah." Wen Ning flushtered. "Just... just thinking hard... just that."

Wei-gongzi patted his head and smiles. "You're really a good boy huh? Don't think too hard or your pretty face will get wrinkle, ok?"

And oh, Wen Ning felt his face burn.

Wei-gongzi... you're too much! Your area and charm is too strong!

"Good morning, A-Ning and... W-wei-Gongzi?" Nai-shijie, who usually take care of the library, flushed up. "Morning..." if her voice was a little dreamier than usual, Wei-Gongzi didn't show reaction to it.

Was it normal for him in Yunmeng? Wen Ning heard he's popular there. Popular among the common folk and younger disciples, that is.

"Morning Nai-guniang." Wei-gongzi frowned. "Are you alright? You are little red."

"I'm fine!" Nai-shijie's voice take another pitch. "Just... just you look so good, Wei-gongzi."

"Really?"

"Yes! The new clothes suit you well!"

"...thank you." Wei-gongzi ducked his head. Flustered with reddened cheeks. It was... something Wen-Ning would like to remember forever. "Is it really look good on me?"

"Oh yeah," Nai-shijie nodded. "It'll be better if it's white."

"Shijie!" Wen Ning hissed.

Wei-gongzi blinked. "White? You mean Gusu Lan white? I don't think I look good with their mourning robes." He joked.

“No. Not that white. Better.”

Wen Ning resist urge to facepalmed, or to drag Wei-Gongzi somewhere safer. Somewhere no one could see him.

He knew Wei-gongzi is good looking enough to make straight men bent, but must everyone be thirsty?! Aish, Wen Ning is going to have his hand full keeping them at bay.

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